

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1918

SEP 9 1918

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position of data furnished by experience and
experiment, enlivened by anecdote.

Coming Shows

At the American theatre David Griffith's latest
great film "Hearts of the World," which was
eighteen months in the making, is announced
for a special engagement beginning next Sun-
day. It is not in any sense a war play but a
love story of the great war with the conflict
serving as the grim background. The battle
scenes were taken on the battlefields of France
by permission and with the assistance of the
British and French governments before Amer-
ica entered the war. Twelve thousand feet
of film are used in the production but there
is no papier mache or other artificial scenery
of any kind, no studio "props," supernumer-
aries, nor "fakes" employed.

✱

Adele Rowland, the delightfully original
singing and dancing comedienne who appeared
last year in "The Soldier Boy," and Miss Sarah
Padden, famous for her work in "The Clod,"
will share honors as headliners at the Orpheum
next week. The former will render a sketch
"Disease," and the latter will present a play
of a single character—Tom Barry's "Eternal
Barrier." The programme will also include
realistic impressions of southern negroes by
Swor and Avery; Shelton Brooks and Ollie
Powers will appear in a musical sketch called
"Two Dark Spots of Joy;" Lyons and Yosco,
again in team-work, will render their own com-
positions; "A Hunter's Game" will be played

by Frank Stafford and company and the dog
Rox; Harold Du Kane, a representative of the
modern school of dancing, will be assisted by
June Edwards and Olga Marwig; Reno in
pantomime; and the Orpheum Travel Weekly.

✱

The Grand Opera House bill next week will
be headed by Maggie Taylor and company in a
new comedy playlet; followed by Dedie Velde
and company presenting "Charlie Chaplin's
Comic Capers in the Park;" Amelia Caire "A
Demi-tasse Revue;" Kimball and Stuart, "Per-
sonality and Peg;" Hughes musical trio; De-
veaux, Dell and Joe, song, comedy and ven-
triloquism; Vanfield and Rena showing pas-
times at the club; the world's latest news and
comedy pictures.

✱

"Inside the Lines," the sensational spy play,
is to be the super-feature picture on the pro-
gramme at the Columbia next week. Lewis S.
Stone and Marguerite Clayton head the cast.
The vaudeville section will be headed by the
Victoria Four, singers and comedians; The
Cliff Dean players will present a comedy "The
End of a Perfect Day;" Abbott and Miles will
appear in a talking and singing skit called "His
Birthday;" John Mills, eccentric comedian and
the Universal Current Events will complete the
bill.

✱

The Gayety theatre next week will show
Rose Sydell's London belles in "Whoop-Dee-
Doo," which is advertised as being the bright-
est, snappiest, pleasantest on the burlesque cir-
cuit this year. The principals of the company
are George F. Hayes, Kate Pullman and Al
Ferris, assisted by an exceptional staff of sing-
ers and dancers. Among the scenic effects is a
reproduction of Canfield's gambling establish-
ment, where living models pose as statues.

Applied Pacifism

Young Tommy returned from school
in tears and nursing a black eye.

"I'll pay Billy Dobbs off for this in
the morning!" he wailed to his mother.

"No, no," she said. "You must return
good for evil. I'll make you a nice jam
tart, and you must take it to Billy and
say: 'Mother says I must return good
for evil, so here's a tart for you.'"

Tommy demurred, but finally consent-
ed. The next evening he returned in
a worse plight and sobbed:

"I gave Billy the tart and told him
what you said, and then he blacked my
other eye, and says you're to send him
another tart to-morrow."—Pittsburgh
Chronicle-Telegraph.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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The Going is Good

By William Marion Reedy

FROM Tuesday's cablegrams it appears that the British and the French take town after town from the German grasp and make steady advances in a fashion ridiculously easy. Prisoners are taken in numbers that almost suggest an enthusiastic willingness to be led captive. One cannot but think that there is much confusion of German plan, since the allies, striking where they will, advance everywhere. The rear guard action is spotty. It looks as if the minor commanders fight on their own hook, the main command being busy elsewhere. At the west the German line looks very shaky. Lens and Queant lost, Douai, Valenciennes and Cambrai are desperately imperiled and Ludendorff needs those places badly, with their communications, for such manoeuvring as is absolutely necessary to keep the Hindenburg line from being turned and to prevent the loss of the French coal fields and the evacuation of the Flanders coast. The bag of prisoners indicates that the British put over surprise attacks easily. After losing the Queant-Drocourt line the Germans made no attempt to recover it, and this is the most important stretch of line west of Cambrai. In the south the French pound ahead, but the progress is slow. The Associated Press uses up a lot of language in stating the plain fact that the terrain from the Somme to Soissons and between the Ailette and Aisne is harder for attack and easier for defense than other ground recently fought over. There the Germans hold a better footing but still give way and leave General Mangin in possession of high ground that commands the Chemin des Dames and the important town of Laon, a vital point in the German second line. The American troops are with the French. With the line giving way practically at both ends, the only way to save it is to withdraw all of it. That would be retirement not according to prearranged plan, but by compulsion. Anyhow there is enough retirement in spots to make it plain that only a master hand can systematize the sporadic evacuation into a successful general movement of Germans backward to their own border. Those smaller, unrelated, local retirements may develop into a rout if not organized. That they are not co-ordinated indicates an absence of reserves. From the whole length of line there is, on Tuesday evening, nothing but good news.



Why the Big Draft

Why, if, as the cablegrams seem to indicate, the Germans are smitten at the allies' and Americans' sweet will, and steadily retreat before us, the great new draft for 2,300,000 men from a registration of 13,000,000 men? There are whisperers that it is not only a "gesture" against the enemy but a plot against ourselves to set up militarism and universal

compulsory service. Let us see. The Germans, it is true, fall back and have been on the defensive relatively ever since we have had a unified command. The maps show we have now regained three-fourths of the distance we retreated in April. The tale of guns and prisoners taken is enormous. It looks as if the enemy were "all in," almost ready to go down and "take the count." But we must not be too optimistic. This on the general principle of never underrating the enemy. Moreover, though the allies have developed successful surprise tactics, attacking resistlessly without preliminary bombardment, though nibbling has been abandoned, and though the participation of the freshly arrived and fight-rapturous Yankees have freshened the spirit of the worn allies, the battle of decision is not yet imminent. The Germans may be weak on defensive fighting outside of intrenchments and they may be unable "to think on their feet" when elaborately and deliberately prepared offensive plans go awry, but it won't do to count on that too heavily.

General F. B. Maurice, formerly director of military operations on the British General Staff,—the man who was rebuked by Premier Lloyd-George for military criticism, the truth of which the premier had to admit periphrastically,—says the allies have not yet a material superiority in numbers, and won't have until more Americans reach the front. He says, too, that we must not forget that it is not the main German army our forces are fighting, but outposts or advance guards in a belt that covers the general retreat. The main positions are far behind the lines we attack and there are the heavy masses of men and the heavy guns. So long as the fighting is in the open, and that is the character of the fighting to-day, "we've got 'em on the go," but the fighting will be different when the battle goes back to trench warfare. The Germans are falling back on the trenches and upon centers that are of high strategic value, with excellent communications for the quick concentration of men and mobilization of supplies. Such work is what the Germans do best. General Maurice, who may be supposed to know, says that we haven't yet got near the German reserves who are away back and not sitting down. He assumes those as yet unreached reserves number 3,000,000. They will be a hard bunch to tackle when they come back at us fresh or comparatively so. This army backed by works strongly built cannot easily be destroyed. Who knows how many men are being massed from Austria and from that part of Russia given over to Germany? Russian troops have been captured in German uniform, in the present drive. The task of battering the Germans back to the Rhine is no easy one and we must not let our wish father the thought that the German morale or discipline has gone to pieces as cables from Holland or Switzerland would indicate. Those despondent dispatches may be plants or decoys. German soldiers may tell sad tales to their Yankee captors, but the

captives may be following instructions. The squealers may be systematically trying to generate over-confidence in us. Germany may be poorly off economically and sadly lacking in supplies, but we can't take the German word for it. The bleating sheep may turn out to be a wool-clothed wolf. The hard luck stories of prisoners may be designed to set up reactions in the civil population of the allied countries in favor of a negotiated peace and give the Germans a respite to reorganize for both offense and defense. Germany knows that a peace that will leave her victor in the war through control of Russia and Turkey and the Balkans will never be acceptable to the allies and to us; therefore she must fight on and will play for time to enable her to do so. The present retreat may cover preparation for another attack.

All this explains why the United States must get its almost 3,000,000 more men into the field at the earliest possible moment and the call to register fixes the day therefor as September 12. The fullest possible amount of American force must be used as soon as it can be used and no more of it will be used than is necessary. President Wilson in his beautiful language tells us why the young are called—because they fight best and therefore can end the war quicker. They may lose their lives but in so doing will save lives the more. And the men up to forty-five are called because they are Americans who do not want others to fight for liberties and possessions they enjoy. Labor is told, in a simpler and plainer speech than that addressed to the men of the draft, why it must work at the top of its beat—that labor may be free on earth. The draft is called because we and the world need it to make victory certain. We are prone to fool ourselves that "it's all over," since we've gone in. It is a dangerous self-deception and we must remember that as Admiral Sims says, "we are not doing it all." We have got to do much more before we equal the French or even the poor maligned British in the putting forth of energy like unto the performance of which Pitt said England has saved herself by her own efforts and has saved Europe by her example. Our men are on the front, but they couldn't have got there but for English ships and we might have had Germans on our shores but for the British navy. We have done nothing yet compared with what even the British—to hear the pro-Germans and pacifists—have done. And we must beware of pride lest it go before a fall. We must make no truce with the Hohenzollern that he may have time to prepare to do to us as he did to Russia at Brest-Litovsk, with his imposition of a \$1,500,000,000 indemnity and the seizure of the border states. We must fight him to a finish because we cannot trust him to treat with him. And in the fighting we must leave nothing to chance as the Kentucky Democrats used to say about the framing of their election laws.



The Draft Education Plan

Most contemptible is the assault made by Republican senators on the provision of the conscription bill under which the government will take possession as it were of four hundred colleges and pay those institutions for the education of young men. About all that the protest comes to is that the senators say the general education scheme in connection with the draft is socialistic. That condemns anything, in the minds of Republican reactionaries. Then again,

say they, think of the cost. Bosh! What of the cost of education in these billion dollar days! All we need care about is to see that we don't get Germanized education. Then it is urged the scheme is bait for votes, while it is a hook to catch the country for universal service. It is my opinion we can prevent universal service if and when we want to. There will still be more civilians than soldiers voting. The war department's general plan is interesting. First all youth under nineteen called to the colors will be delayed until all the men in class one over nineteen are summoned, and provision is made for special classes among them. Youths under twenty who are in college or intend to begin their collegiate instruction this fall are urged not to let their military liability prevent their matriculation. They will not be given deferred classification, nor exemption from call to military service when men of similar ages are drawn, but instead will be inducted into the military service at the outset and have their schooling paid for by the government until their need as soldiers requires their transfer from college to battlefield. They will be known as members of the Students' Army Training Corps on actual duty while at school.



How it Will Work

Details of the working out of the plan are here condensed from a war department statement issued last week. Members of the Students' Army Training Corps, soldiers on active duty, will be inducted on October 1. After that their subsistence, quarters, clothing and tuition will be provided by the government. They will also receive the pay of privates. Every man qualified by training and capacity is offered the benefits of additional education. High school graduates of eighteen years and over will be eligible to the ranks of the collegiate training division of the S. A. T. C. Grammar school graduates are eligible to the vocational section. Transfers will be made from one branch to the other in keeping with the ability shown by individuals. Student-soldiers at no time will be included in exempt or deferred classifications. They will see active service in the field as soon as any others of their age. All will be watched for the development of officer material. Some will be recommended for central officers' training camps. Others may be transferred to courses for non-commissioned officers. At the discretion of the military staff, scientific and technical students may be given an opportunity to complete intensified courses of direct military value. Others will be assigned to depot brigades of cantonments. It is hoped later to extend this instruction to secondary schools. The colleges will be required to modify their academic instruction along lines of direct military value, at suggestion of the war department. A student who enters college before called for military duty will be expected to pay his own tuition up to the time he is inducted into service. He then suspends further payment and is kept in school at government expense until sent to the field. Most of the students will be assigned to infantry units and ultimately assigned as commissioned or non-commissioned officers of fighting units. A small percentage of technical students will be given staff duty. There will be both a collegiate section and vocational section of the Students' Army Training Corps. Young men of draft age of grammar school education will be given opportunity to enter the vocational

section of the corps. At present about 27,500 men are called for this section each month. Application for voluntary induction into the vocational section should be made to the local board and an effort will be made to accommodate as many as possible of those who volunteer for this training.

Considering this programme as to what it will do for the young men of the draft after the war it strikes me that a Republican senator who opposes it is about as much of a fossil troglodyte as was Vardaman in his opposition to the education of the negro. Perhaps Republican senators would like the war to stop education altogether. That they think would be better than to have the government pay for education of its youth who have fought its battles. It's a wonder the Republicans don't object to the government paying doctors to look after the health of the soldiers. But then we all know that the chief defect of the education plan is that it will meet the approval of all the people and thus help the Democrats in the next national election, when the east assumes Woodrow Wilson will be a candidate for a third term in the presidency, as he can't pass the honor to his son-in-law and present *Pooh Bah* of the administration, Mr. McAdoo. No matter what party it helps, the army education plan is in itself some compensation for war and helps soothe the hurt hearts of many parents whose boys will be called. As for the yelp, "Socialism," read the President's Labor day address. This is the war for the right of the creators of wealth to obtain what they produce and education will help them to shape politics, in a world rid of the mailed fist, so that they will get all for which they have worked and fought.



Russia and Peace

Most important of news concerning Russians is the recognition by Washington of the Chekoslovaks as belligerents. This had to follow similar action by Great Britain and France. It commits this country to support of the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary and is expected to promote a vast uprising of subject peoples in that ramshackle empire. We back the revolution there. The recognition puts a negotiated peace out of the question. It should have the good effect of inducing those misguided Russians who think the United States is a bourgeois imperialism to desert the impossibilist Bolsheviks and come to the support of the allied and American expeditions from east and west. They can hardly read the recognition otherwise than as a guarantee of our support of the independence of all small nationalities. The organizations that assassinated German pro-consuls and the elements back of the girl who shot Lenin will be strengthened in their stand against the betrayal of Russia at Brest-Litovsk.

The Jugo-Slavs and all the aspirants to independence will be stirred to activity and there will be an outbreak of anti-German trouble in the Balkans. This piece of political strategy will support effectively our military offensive in the west and start something doing at Saloniki; it makes sweepingly good our profession of fighting for democracy everywhere, always and for all, even possibly for Ireland.

At home the chief war development is the roundup of slackers of whom there are very few. If too many men escaped the first class in the first draft it was due to leniency and looseness in constructing rules by the draft boards. After the slacker sleuthing, in importance comes the President's fixing of

the wheat price for next year at \$2.20 per bushel. He speaks in his order of not wishing to fix our wheat price above that of other nations if peace should come in 1919. The President protects the farmers from a damaging contingency and in doing so reveals the fact that he does not think of peace as being far away. The war industries board comes out with a plea to the people to do their Christmas shopping early, confine their presents to articles of use and carry their own packages. Manufacturers and retailers agree not to increase working forces or hours in the holiday season. Meanwhile the fuel administration warns us again and again of the danger of a coal shortage this winter and intimates the probability of gasolineless week days as well as Sundays.

Director of Railways McAdoo adds one hundred million dollars to the railroad pay roll for the poorer paid employes and warns the upper air and solar walk railroad men not to dabble in politics. The revenue bill is reported to the house and steps taken for the commandeering of the steel supply with incidental inevitable unionization of the steel mills large and small. This war of ours is just beginning to get going right and we've got the Germans going in the opposite direction.

NEW YORK, September 3.

♦♦♦♦

Words About Wimmings

By William Marion Reedy

I WAS at a party—a large party. It wasn't in Greenwich Village either. There were poets, politicians, naturalists, engineers. There were gifted ladies—many of them. Ladies interest me—mildly. "Who's she?" I asked about a pretty woman who sang. Miss So-and-So. She sang very well. I thought she might succeed in opera. Yes, she might, but she has to work, to teach to get along. But, I ventured, a girl might easily support herself and study too for the operatic stage. A girl, yes; a married woman, with two children, hardly. Married? Yes, but the husband doesn't work. He's a footless sort, not bad, just a fumbler. She supports him. Another lady was a violinist. She too had a husband, I was told. Where he was my informant didn't know, but he was somewhere in the offing, not much good. The violinist worked for him. A lady pianist was just divorced. A sculptress was now carrying the burden of a third useless husband and an authoress had a husband somewhere. It seemed to me that every woman who could do something was doing it all right, but had or had had a husband for a "leaner."

The clever woman seems to be doomed to bad luck in matrimony. Seems, I say. One must not generalize too hastily. I know many women of ability who have good husbands. But, nevertheless, I know too many who illustrate the idea that the American who marries a woman who can earn money tends to become "a squaw man." As soon as I hear that some man's wife has become a money earner, I sympathize with the wife, and with the man too. Whenever I read of a married woman who succeeds in one of the professions I have in my mind's eye some man in the background perfectly willing to let her carry him along. And I don't know that most of such women ever make much complaint. Most of them seem to be very fond of such husbands, indeed rather foolish-fond of them.

There's a psychology of this sort of thing, as of everything else. Freud has an explanation of it, of course. The usual explanation is that the able woman has a maternal rather than a marital fondness for her husband. She likes him to be a bit inefficient or even helpless. His dependence upon her in greater

or less degree gives her a deep pleasure. Some of these husbands seems to me to be good sorts, not fools fundamentally; but when they marry women who can earn money, the men seem to disintegrate and suffer some decay of character. When one hears of the success in arts or letters or otherwise of Mrs. John Henry Jones, one pictures Mr. John Henry Jones as being nothing more than Mrs. John Henry Jones' husband. Often one is wrong but too often one is right. Possibly a very little distinction of the kind I have in mind exaggeratedly exalts the woman's intellectual worth and only apparently depreciates the worth of the husband. Still the woman who is married and can make money is usually thought of as a case of the grey mare being the better horse.

As one moves about socially on his travels this rather unpleasant aspect of the social system impresses and depresses. Is this what is to come of the much desiderated "economic independence of women?" People who put the cart before the horse say such independence is to be deplored for its effect upon the women. I don't see it that way. I think it is all to the good for the women. They find happiness in the exercise of their faculties and gifts. They become themselves. They even get a larger play for their maternal instinct. They come into a sort of mastery and revert to the conditions of the matriarchate posited as of old time by the anthropological sociologists, before there came into existence "This Man-Made World" of Charlotte Perkins Gilman. Just how the men put aside the matriarchy and gained control, I have never understood. I believe they are said to have done it because in the time of matriarchy women had to retire from ruling activity in order to have their babies and men gained control while the matriarchs were, so to speak, off watch, but there had to be babies to support and carry on the old matriarchy, and in view of this fact I don't see how matriarchy ever got started.

The worst thing about the economic independence of women, as I see it, is its apparent tendency to create an economic dependence of men. The question arises whether this will become general as women come more and more out of the home and into the larger life. A psychologist told me the thing would work out. The enlarged woman will do the choosing. She will pick better mates. Maybe she will, but George Bernard Shaw says woman does the choosing now. If she does, all I have to say is that the woman who has become enlarged in mind and in scope of activities seems to be a poor picker and the more one sees of the matrimonially "hand-picked" man the less one is inclined to think of him.

You may think that this is a cynical old-fashioned man's view of the subject, but it isn't. I talked on this point with a clever—yes, and a pretty—woman in a business office, a rattling good stenographer, secretary, bookkeeper and general manager, unmarried. How about marriage? Well, this woman, aged about twenty-eight, thought that marriage for a woman like her was risky—looking over what prize packages other girls of her kind had drawn. She is paid about \$1,800 a year and can live on it. She is practically her own boss and, though he doesn't know it, she bosses her nominal and ostensible boss or employer. There are hundreds, yes, thousands such in all our big cities—there are women earning \$10,000 a year, unmarried, or, after experience, divorced or carrying some leaner. Why should the girl I speak of marry? She can't get the kind of man a girl of her kind wants. The men she can get don't come up to her standard, as a rule. She says to the married man who asks her why she doesn't marry, "All the nice men are married." She sees what happens to most women of her kind who marry. They outclass their husbands and they only too often are left helpless after the husbands have spent their wives' savings.

Once in a while the clever office woman marries her employer and lives happily ever after, but, said

the girl I spoke to, there's too often something disagreeable in that, since the woman in the office has taken the employer away from his wife. Not only does this occur to the office woman, but we all know the legend of the trained nurse as a "vamp" or love-pirate. The free woman, the artist in paint or clay or music or mimetics, too often takes away the other woman's man. There's a lot in propinquity and the home woman justly suspects the office woman who's close to the home woman's husband every day and serving him. The office woman sizes up men and won't have the kind she can easily get. And her liberty is dear to her. If she thinks of matrimony it is as meaning marriage that shall give her more freedom in a way. So no matter how good her looks or her accomplishments or how sweet her womanliness, she reasons on the situation and stays single, until her emotional nature comes to the surface and under its urge she marries someone she wouldn't marry in her proper senses and right mind. The woman of affairs who marries makes a botch of things for herself and for the man too, though a he-man isn't likely to be spoiled. Of course he-women will spoil anything, but they are not the kind I have in mind.

Certainly the girl I discussed this thing with is not a he-woman. She dresses well, is well read, has a soft voice, dances gracefully and can cook upon occasion. She has opinions—she admits it, and she says men don't want women with opinions, or if they do they want the women to suppress the opinions, and what's the use of opinions, she asks, if one can't express them? That's the chief thing there is in being an individual personality or entity. Suppose the woman is able to obscure her husband—well, the more she obscures him, the less other people like her, and that doesn't make for her happiness. Yes, the clever woman is difficult to please until some time old Nature asserts herself, and the clever woman marries some man—and wakes up to marvel how she ever came to do it. So the woman who keeps her head isn't inclined to marry. But, said the girl I talked with, and she said it wistfully, there's another thing. It is fine to be free, to have your own money, to live your own life, to be emancipated from the cares of the household, cooking, servants, an overlord who must be jollied or coddled and all the rest of it, but there's the prospect of the future. At your back you always hear, as Marvell sang to his coy mistress, Time's winged chariot hovering near, and yonder all before you lies a desert of bleak, companionless old age. That's a situation that makes too many bright, able, self-supporting women take to themselves husbands of whom the most and the best that can be said is that they are "better than nothing." Those things are the tragedies of the woman of ability. It does seem as one bright woman put it, that the woman who has come out of the home and made a success in the so-called larger sphere, is much like the educated negro who is lifted above the mass of his own people without being elevated into equality with the whites. The woman we are thinking about isn't a man and isn't like the conventional woman. She is up in the air or she falls between two stools.

Here is a state of things that must set us thinking. What's a woman to do? The woman who talked with me is a "free spirit," as they say down in Greenwich Village. She's not afraid of any subject for conversation. "What's a woman to do?" said she. "Why, if it's her nature or disposition, she does as men do. She accepts love without bonds. She lives the unconventional life to the limit, taking care not to let go her hold upon herself. She has an affair or affairs but she doesn't neglect her job. That's all very well, but it doesn't carry through in many cases. She does neglect her job, and the free life can't be bounded by the duties of her position on one side. Her freedom brings about an enslavement. You'll hear in New York about the free unions. Forget them. The woman nine hundred and ninety-nine times in a thousand gets the worst of the

free union. Oh yes, I know what gaunt free love women say about the horrors of 'sex starvation.' Forget that, too. The sex starvation business is all bunk. No woman ever died of it, and thousands of women have suffered unimaginable hells through sex-gluttony, for it seems that in sex matters, outside the pale, there's no such thing for a woman as being a *gourmet*; she must be a *gourmand*. There's no hope for woman along that line. I doubt if there ever will be soon. The world and society must be made over before there can be any hope of such freedom coincident with contentment, not to say happiness, and the making over of the world and society takes a very long time. There are what a Frenchman called *les demi-vierges*—the women who aren't exactly right or wrong. They are a sad lot—fakers, false pretenders. They are frumps in the end, and they are ridiculous, absurd."

What's to be the situation after the war, with millions of women escaped from the home and into industry? Will the women go back into the home? Not much. They will not only not do that in the sense in which back-to-the-home means immurement, but they will fight to hold the jobs for which men will be looking when they come back from the armies. Facile phrase-makers say that a sex war is coming. It will not be a sex war, of course. It will be a wage war. Let us say a bread war—the same old bread war that has been waged for centuries, with men, women and children all combatants. Women are not going out of industry willingly. I don't see how they are to be forced out economically. They are proving themselves proficient and efficient. All employers testify to that. The public generally admits it, as in the case of street car conductorettes and the women in the railroad offices. The men combed out by the draft will have difficulty getting back those jobs from the women who hold them. Despite the fact that with the ballot in her hands, the woman will not be subjected to the old time ruthless exploitation in industry, I think woman workers will be for some time less well paid than men. It will take some time to make effective the doctrine of equal pay for equal work as between the sexes. But in due course it will apply. Then, it is not difficult to imagine, there will be a possible approximation of the conditions of the matriarchy, if there is some natural law which decrees that when women become money-makers men fall back into a sort of dependence singing cheerfully the popular song, "Let the women do the work, do the work, do the work, while the men hang around."

If the women who are self-supporting are to exercise the prerogative of choosing their mates, rather than the men the women, and the women prove to be such "bad pickers" as they are supposed now to be, then their selections will be such, according to some scientists, that the offspring of "poor stick" husbands will be feeble and frail physically and mentally. Except of course that this sort of logic doesn't always work out in life, this prospect of degeneration of men is alarming. Many wise men think that this new, powerful emergence of women as workers and earners will generate such an independence of old conventions that morality will be swept away, that marriage will be abolished. There are men and women too who see a polyandric future as a result of the numerical superiority of women over men that the war will bring about in Europe. Polyandry may come in the United States as a result of the women's hold upon the jobs and their ability to make men feed out of their hands. The working woman everywhere will have, like the gifted women whose plight started me off on these ruminations, a man hanging to her skirts. She may, conceivably, take advantage of conditions to enslave the male hanger-on and bring about a world the reverse of that which the feminists now deplore as man-made and man-controlled. Will the men revolt before enslavement becomes complete?

The war will surely not contribute to the effeminization of men. But if men become more inclined to

the warrior activities they may willingly let the women have control of the arts, the trades and the professions. This would be reversion to type on a vast scale. It would get us back to savagery, back to where man is found as in Morgan's "Ancient Society." But there's a difficulty in such reasoning, and that is that, as we are told, the modern woman is against war and won't have any use for war. She may not be able to whip the warrior out of his warlikeness, but she can "strike" against him industrially and refuse the munitions. Even she may strike against him sexually, as old Aristophane depicts her doing in the "Lysistrata." The question whether the industrialization, education, emancipation of women means the minimization of the sex function may be arguable, but the argument is useless because nobody believes it. Women really are in no danger of ceasing to be women no matter how learned they become, no matter if they wear overalls and work in factories, no matter how "free" their minds become. Sex will continue in "business as usual," war or no war. It is not likely that the enlargement of women will "unpeople the province," as someone says in "Measure for Measure." We need not fear that the matriarchate will be reinstituted to the destruction of the race.

If the war wins what this country has declared to be its political and social objective, the making safe of the world for democracy, it will mean equality of opportunity in a democracy from which women will not be largely excluded. Under such conditions of opportunity the relations of the sexes should be improved. If we are to have world democracy there will be no more privilege. Without privilege, with the earth free to all, there will be untaxed opportunity to work. With such untaxed opportunity there will be room and work enough for all and there need be no sex war for the jobs, no war of any kind for jobs or trade or commerce. There will be not only freer men but freer women as well. This should put the sexes upon an equality. We should have no more parasite women, and no more "squaw men." No women will be living on men and no men living on women. The wealth standard of marital selection will disappear. Everybody will have to work and the woman worker won't be an anomaly. The odalisque type will be obsolete. The clever woman worker won't be out of the ordinary for education and the exercise of faculty will make cleverness general among the female sex. And men, I should say, will have time and mind enough to care more for music, song, sculpture and science than they do now, and will not be either afraid or contemptuous of learned ladies, won't regard them as *les precieuses ridicules*. The lady who sings or writes or acts or plays music won't have to be content with "seconds" in the man line. And there won't be any but capable women for men to take to wife. The economic condition will not be such that the efficient office woman will prefer singleness to dependence. When all men will have to work or starve there won't be any looking for a wife to support them. Those young women I saw at the party, each with a man holding her back, will not have any counterparts in the coming time. There's won't be any sex war, but there will be sex co-operation. As for love, it will be free, but it won't be what we know as "free love." I doubt if there will be much divorce, when neither man nor woman marries for money or a home. Men and women will get along better the more equal they become in all ways. The self-supporting woman will not be looked down on socially, because to pay for this war and to get things fixed so there won't be more wars like it, or worse ones, everybody will have to work. Morality? We need not worry about that, for the vices change their fashions often, but the virtues never.

"See the bunch of beauts coming along the beach there! Lamp those bathing suits—some shapes, eh? The five of them are workers in a munition factory, down for a week-end. They draw down about \$40 a week apiece." So said a Philadelphia friend on the far-famed board walk. The working woman will have

more money, more week-ends, more opportunity to find health and develop beauty. She won't be a frowse, a frump or a frost. She won't have to pick from "seconds," the best will be after her. . . . I positively refuse to despair of the world or to think that woman will ever be anything but what she is, except better to look upon, work with and live with in a common effort for a better life and time.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., August 29.

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

News Away From Home

ON Fifth avenue I met a stockholder in the United Railways of St. Louis and he said to me *apropos* the compromise ordinance, the burglary of the referendum petitions and the whole mill tax muddle, "Those St. Louis people needn't worry about the referendum on the ordinance. They may as well forget it. The United Railways won't accept it and will so inform the city long before the election day on which the referendum would be held." This is almost official. But how about the bankruptcy that was going to come if the ordinance wasn't passed? How about the \$3,500,000 loan the company got from the government? How about the six-cent fare authorized by the Public Utilities Commission? Weren't all these things hitched up with and conditioned upon the acceptance of the ordinance? The company said it couldn't live without the ordinance. Now the company won't have it as a gift. The company probably wants to sell the street railway plant to the city. The stockholder who told me the news said he and others were disgusted and wanted to get out of the business.

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The Prohibition Fake

ALL sane people know that the war-time prohibition law is a fake as a measure to conserve manpower. The manpower to be conserved is needed now. So is the grain that goes into booze. But prohibition under this law won't go into effect until July 1 next year. And if liquor is an evil here, it is so elsewhere; but liquor can be manufactured for export after the dry date. If liquor is so deadly, our denying it to ourselves and shipping it abroad is as vile a thing as Great Britain's forcing opium upon China. The war may be over before July 1, 1919. But during all that time liquor will continue to be sold. Prohibition as it has been passed for the period of the war beginning at a time when the war may be ended, is not a war measure at all. It is simply cheap and nasty politics. It is voted upon the people by men who don't believe in it, but fear the votes of fanatic constituents. Such legislation is an abomination. It is conceived in bigotry and born in hypocritical cowardice. And it won't stop liquor drinking for whoever wants liquor can make it in his own home, and an army of a million revenue agents won't be able to prevent the makers passing the drink along. There would have been some justification for prohibition now—a war measure. There is none for the law as it stands. And no such law should pass, except as a *bona fide* war measure, which this is not, except upon a vote of the people.

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The Drug Act's Failure

DRY "bugs" tell me that prohibition will end drunkenness just as surely as the Harrison drug act has put a stop to the indulgence in opium, morphine, cocaine and such "dope." This would be a good argument if the facts supported it. But they don't. A poison squad raided a drug store on Amsterdam avenue in New York city last week and found that the proprietor, a Mr. Cohen—with a brother somehow connected with the health department—had within one year filled 68,400 prescriptions for "happy dust." The business represented by those prescrip-

tions amounts to \$150,000. The pharmacist's brother says the prescriptions were written by real doctors, therefore could be legally filled. Drug fiends can't break off the habit or cut out the stuff all at once. It's a mercy to sell them the drugs until the victims can taper off. The argument doesn't matter. What does matter is that here's a nation-wide drug-prohibition law that doesn't prohibit. If there's one New York druggist who does \$150,000 a year business in forbidden drugs, how many others must there be in the metropolis, in Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, all the big cities? Physicians tell me that the drug act is a failure. The fiends, the druggist and the needy doctors have found many ways to beat it.

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A Busted Drunk Farm

PROHIBITION may and undoubtedly will set temperance back, for the inevitable reaction against prohibition will be an orgy of drunkenness. Without prohibition drunkenness is diminishing. Whatever the statistics say, our own observation proves this fact. Compared with a score of years ago there is no drunkenness. You may knock about in a dozen cities for a month and never see a drunken man. That's been my experience almost. I don't recall having seen two drunks in eight weeks' wandering about, and I don't affect temperance hotels or Y. M. C. A. headquarters either. I used to see drunks in plenty in all the places I go now. The American who hasn't quit booze has mastered it. I see that Mayor Hylan of New York has decided to shut down—or up—the city's inebriate farm. Why? Not enough inebriates to keep it going. Only thirty-seven to send there in July. Last year the monthly average was seventy-five. When the farm was established under Mayor Gaynor, everybody thought the fences would be bulging with drunks "thicker than thieves of Vallombrosa." Now there aren't enough rum-hounds to make it worth while to keep the place open. Drunkenness was on the decline before the war. The war hastens the decline. Some of it is due to war regulations, to the taking of young men into the army, to the increase in price of liquor; but much of it is due to good times for the working man. He doesn't drink so much in good times as in bad. Poverty causes more drunkenness than drunkenness causes poverty. Ergo the way to abolish drunkenness is to abolish poverty. And the way to abolish poverty is—but I won't make my particular "bug" perform at this particular time.

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The Tax Bill

SPEAKING of the abolition of poverty, the new war tax bill is going to get in some fine work against wealth and is going to soak poverty, too. The war profits tax is all right but the occupation tax is an iniquity, especially in view of the fact that there is to be no especial levy upon unearned income. The bill will probably be published before these lines are printed and then the people will see a tax measure as is a tax measure. It is going to hit the man of medium wealth very hard. When we consider the cost of living and the taxes, too, the man who has five or six thousand dollars a year is going to find that he must practice economies in order to be able to cough up to Uncle Sam. Borrowing to pay the income tax is certain to be quite general because the hardest thing in the world to do in financing is to reduce one's own expenses, lower the scale of living. It remains to be seen whether heavy taxes will bring about lower prices. The taxation thus far has been heavier than normal but prices have gone higher than normal. Still, whatever theories of taxation one may hold, the tax bill can only be accepted in the spirit in which the people have accepted the war itself, the draft, the restrictions upon business and upon press and speech. *C'est la guerre!* If anything were needed to show that this country is determined to make a finished job of clearing the world of Kaiserism the absence of protest against the eight billion dollar tax bill supplies the need. No one is going to escape the war taxes. And, broadly speaking, no

one is kicking—not even the wealthy who are the boss protestants against all forms of import.

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The I. W. W. Conviction

ALL sensible free speakers deplore the need for such suppression of opinion as is evidenced in the conviction and sentence of the I. W. Ws. at Chicago, but all sensible free speakers know that there are necessary limitations upon free speech and upon free action in time of war. That the I. W. W. propaganda and purposes were calculated to give aid and comfort to the enemy is beyond question. The I. W. Ws. could not have had any measure of success without injuring this country's morale, without checking production, without interfering with industrial support of our forces on land and sea. Opposition to war in the abstract could not be carried on without direct opposition to our prosecution of this war. The nation is for the war. The majority rules. The pacifist and pro-German minority had to be brought into subjection. If it's bad that our boys are on the firing line and likely to be killed by the enemy, it is worse that they should be killed from behind by their own people. The I. W. Ws. have been civilly, not militarily, condemned. We may be sorry for them but we cannot applaud their action because in proposing to fight an economic tyranny here they were bolstering up a worse tyranny upon the whole world. That was and is the error of the Bolsheviks. All such socialism is the ally of Kaiserism. All such pacifism upbuilds militarism. I. W. Ws. and Bolsheviks accomplish nothing for labor or for the proletariat. "Big Bill" Haywood and his followers of the fixed idea would have betrayed their own class if they had by any chance succeeded in their projects. Their conviction was just. But it is to be hoped that after the war—and may the end be soon—the I. W. Ws. will be the beneficiaries of an amnesty to all political prisoners.

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Victims of Progress

THE way the progress of the world affects people is not always for the good of everybody. Some have to suffer that others may prosper. I met a man who had just been looking over the printing plant of the Trow Directory company recently failed. The material at the establishments of the company in New York and Brooklyn is vast in quantity, but it is practically junk, though junk machinery now brings fancy prices and junk dealers are among the more glaring of our new war-millionaires. The Trow company was a big concern and once very prosperous. What broke the concern? The telephone. The phone book put the city directory out of business. A city directory is sold for \$5 or thereabouts. The phone book is given away and it has a choicer circulation, which more commends it to advertisers, and it is advertising that makes, or made, the publication of city directories pay. The people whose addresses are mostly sought by those who want to do business are all to be found in the telephone books. The sale of classified business addresses was a part of the directory business. Telephone books supplied better lists, because the selections could be made from a selection. The telephone books are issued at least twice, often four times a year. The city directory comes out but once a year. Changes of address can be better followed in the former. The city directory was of little use in the matter of finding the addresses of people who move often, and people who move often have no money to spend anyhow. For all business purposes the telephone book is the better volume, a more useful instrumentality. So the big Trow Directory company "went bust" and its huge plant is on the junk market. Progress put it out of business.

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Zionism's Hope

THINGS are coming right for the realization of the dream of a Jewish state in Palestine. One of the things that makes it come right is the organization of Jewish forces to fight for it. I am told, too,

by the way, that Jews in the army and navy are being preferred for service in the forces that are being sent to Siberia because they will fight with more than ordinary enthusiasm against the people who persecuted them by pogrom and otherwise. But there's a splendid appeal to Jews in the organization of regiments to recapture Zion. Great Britain supports in principle the project of a restoration of Palestine to the people who were led there by a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. The young Jews remember the Maccabees and would fight like them. There is little doubt that the allied nations will support the project of an internationally guaranteed neutral state in Palestine. Turkey will be a broken state for good when this war ends, but whatever may become of Turkey there will be a Jewish state with a capital at Jerusalem. Not only the allies are for this. The Central Powers favor it, or say they do. And even Turkey wheels into line for it. Talaat Pasha, a shrewd man but not scrupulous, sees that Turkey has a chance to make friends among the Jews, who are powerful in every country and never more so than now. He has proposed to the Central Powers a conference, the purpose of which shall be the removal by Turkey of all restrictions upon Jewish colonization. The Teuton powers are to guarantee the security of a Jewish state in Turkish territory. This is good as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far, because such guarantees are likely at any time to become mere "scraps of paper." The Turk is not to be trusted either. He has been almost as cruel to the Jews as has been the Russian. But Turk and German and Austrian have to meet the declaration of Lord Balfour in favor of the project of Zionism. The British pronouncement won the Jews all over the world—measurably even in Germany where Jews are fighting for the Kaiser. The Central Powers have learned that opinion is worth something and Jewish opinion functions effectively in every land beneath the sun. But it doesn't much matter what the Central Powers do in this matter. The British have possession of Palestine and will hold it. Turkey will not have much to say about what shall be done with or to the Jews or any other people. She will be lucky to remain alive. The allies will not leave her in a position to help Germany to raid India and establish *Mittel Europa* from Hamburg to the Persian gulf. Zionism will be established under allied auspices and the Central Powers will have to assent, because they will be beaten. Talaat Pasha, who sold out his friends when he plumped for Germany, may have to hide in Germany, but he will be lucky if he isn't thrown into the Bosphorus. His late-assumed friendliness to Zionism won't save him. But Zionism is assured a nationhood, with both sides favoring the project of a neutral state in Palestine. And if dainty Mary Fels has her way—and she's likely to, as she is strong in the Zionist councils—the new Jewish state will be a single tax establishment, with the initiative and referendum and, possibly, the recall. Moses, you will recall, was a pretty good single taxer.

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Ku-Klux Again

DOWN south the "Invisible Empire," known to this generation chiefly through the great moving picture "The Birth of a Nation," has been revived. The organization is not now revived to deal with "niggers" and carpet baggers. The secret order, with its white robes and the flaming cross on the breast, doesn't do its night riding now on horses caparisoned in white blankets, but in automobiles camouflaged into similarity in the same color. It is out for the strike agitator, the walking delegate. Recently at Mobile, Alabama, there was talk of a strike by the stevedores and the washerwomen. There are shipyards at Mobile. A delegate was busy organizing the strike. Here's what happened, according to a story in the papers. A rumor spread that the man planning the strike was in personal danger. Ostensibly to protect him he was arrested, put in a patrol wagon and was being taken to the police station

when, as the patrol wagon was rounding a dark corner, it was stopped by a squad of automobiles. Each car was covered with white cloth and each bore the insignia of the Invisible Empire—"the fiery cross of old Scotland." Men leaped out of the cars, each completely disguised under the ghostly garb of the Ku-Klux Klan. The driver of the patrol wagon saw rifles pointed at him, gave up his prisoner and drove back to the police station. The agitator disappeared. The writer of the tale in the *New York Tribune* suspects the police were "in with" the "invisible empire." A strike agitator who appeared talking trouble in the steel mills at a suburb of Birmingham, Alabama, was similarly dealt with, though the patrol wagon didn't figure in the proceedings. The invisible empire gives out the information, indirectly, of course, that it is out after strikers, alien enemies, idlers and slackers. There have been no night whippings or hangings thus far, but such things may come, because the Kukluxers mean business. They will make good by deed in their campaign of terrorization. Mr. Littell McClung, who writes the story in the *Times*, seems to think this is all a good thing. As for me, I think the people of Alabama would do well to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest President Wilson's appeal against the surrender to the mob spirit in this country. Kukluxers are no more desirable citizens than fanatic I. W. Ws. Striking is not a crime in itself and Judge Lynch's court is a worse evil than sabotage.

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Thrift Stamp Annuities

FRANK S. VANDERLIP is a grand old man. He is a reformed reporter, now a banker and chairman of the National War Savings committee. He has what I suspect to be a good idea, viz., to change the law so that such of the 35,000,000 holders of thrift stamps as may wish to do so can convert their holdings into an old-age annuity policy. Those who don't want to do that should be paid the value of their stamps in 1923 as at present provided. People who get into the saving habit should be encouraged to purchase thrift stamps after the war to win them an annuity after they are sixty years old. Mr. Vanderlip would continue the war savings organization with its more than two hundred thousand agents in addition to the fifty thousand post-offices. The government could well afford to pay at least four per cent compound interest on the stamps, after the war. The encouragement of saving will be necessary after the war, for the national debt will be huge. Mr. Vanderlip said the other evening that our expenses next year will be \$24,000,000,000—a sum greater than all the expenses of the government from its foundation to the present day. To pay the debt so growing saving will be imperative and there should be an inducement to save. At four per cent compound interest \$100 becomes \$219.11 in twenty years, \$324.34 in thirty years, \$710.16 in fifty years. Multiply these figures by 35,000,000 and you'll see the huge sum that would be accumulated. The stamp sales will end this year and they will total \$2,000,000,000. The sales to date are \$755,036,181 maturity value, and \$630,451,211 cash value. This indicates that the fixed limit will be reached. Mr. Vanderlip thinks that the limit of \$1,000 on thrift stamp purchases should be removed if the demand loan feature of the stamp system is to be abandoned. A limit could be placed on the amount of stamps that could be cashed within given periods before date of maturity, but if the limit of stamp investment were taken off, the tax exemption would have to be eliminated. This proposal of Mr. Vanderlip's is his own, not the war savings committee's. Quite startlingly he says the paying off of the thrift stamps in 1923 would be a national calamity, promotive of extravagance, when what will be most needed is economizing of the strictest kind. The thrift habit should not be eradicated. It should be made permanent, and there is no question that under the annuity plan people would be happy, relieved of fear of a penniless old age. I cannot see anything wrong with Mr. Vanderlip's idea except

that it might be made a basis for keeping down wages. With the annuity system established there would be a tendency to diminution of the worker's insistence upon the receipt of the full value of his product. The annuity might take a great deal of "pep" out of the labor movement. That would not be a good thing. Still we shall certainly have to come to something like old age pensions as we shall have to provide for workmen's compensation for injuries. Maybe the annuity feature of the thrift stamp system could be developed in connection with workmen's insurance. Mr. Vanderlip's talk shows that he can think in social terms, even if he is a banker. He has plenty of such ideas, has established a special school and a handsome private theater on his estate up the Hudson.

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The Soldier After the War

ARE we to have another G. A. R.? We are, surely. The soldiers of Canada have organized the Great War Veterans' Association of Canada. It is going into politics to secure a parliament pledged to a successful prosecution of the war but its "literature" speaks of secondary "grievances." With four or five million soldiers back home, thoroughly organized, will they control politics? I guess yes. Will they want pensions? Some people think not, now that soldiers are insured through the help of government, but you can't tell how politicians will tempt the soldier of this war as they did those of the last war. There's a danger of this, to be sure, but there's no real life worth having without danger. The soldier will be in politics but he will be in politics with an enlarged vision as a result of this war. He may come to the point at which he will demand a pension, but long before that he will have turned things political inside-out and upside-down, and things economic and social too. The returned soldier will rule the world. He will have something terrible and beautiful to say in Germany. He will overturn the landed gentry in Great Britain and smash the bourgeoisie in France. And here he will put an end to the domination of politics by Big Business. Of course there is a possibility of a repetition of the performance of the pretorian guard. The soldiers might put the republic up at auction. But this country believes in fighting when it has to fight, and it doesn't believe in militarism. The civil power is still equal to keeping the military down.

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The Gasless Sunday

If there are any German spies about they saw something in the east this last Sunday that should convince them that it is about time for the Kaiser to "come down," like Davy Crockett's coon. I mean the observance of the government's request that the people give up automobiling on that day save in matters of necessity. The absence of machines from the streets of New York was striking. A few did appear but the drivers were hailed as slackers all along their way. Only machines occupied by men in uniforms got by without bombardment with insults for their occupants. Out in the beautiful environs the roads were empty of devil wagons. I dined at a point on the Pelham road in New Rochelle where on a previous Sunday not long ago a tally showed the cars passing during the busiest hours at the rate of almost one a second. The Boston post road was a streak of what looked like gun-metal, with long lapses between the horseless vehicles. In the Westchester country, so beautiful because of its blend of wildness and populousness, the champagne day was a festival for walkers. I took a littery stroll among the various kennels along this thoroughfare, inspecting chows, pekingeses, whippets, airdales. The walking was uninterrupted by the auto fiends. The sylvan quiet was unpunctuated by hideous honkings. Most of the few cars I saw were occupied by parties in which there appeared at least one naval or army uniform. Those machines presumably had a right to be out under the compulsion of greater or less necessity. I noted an absence of the big percentage of woman drivers, a percentage that has been increasingly heavy every-

where for some time. From the eloquent silence and the absence of flashing mechanical momentum one could only say that here was a proof that the American people are willing to sacrifice for the war. There was no order to put up cars for the day. No law had been passed prescribing abstention from automobiling. The coal administrator, Dr. Garfield, had simply requested it and the request was generally obeyed by a people not at all inclined ordinarily to deny themselves anything they fancy. Not to go out in the car on a day like Sunday was, and through such country as surrounds the metropolis was a resistance to temptation deserving all praise. The way in which the country accepted conscription, carried out the injunctions to food conservation, subscribed to liberty bonds, thrift stamps, Red Cross and other war benevolences was convincing enough of general readiness to do anything to help win the war, but the obedience against the Sunday spin was a clincher. Long ago it was said that it is easy to get along without the necessities of life, but hard to give up the luxuries, and it is true if paradoxical. The Sunday auto trip is a luxury in itself. Not only that, it is a sort of social hall mark. Not to have a car for that pleasure or friends who have a car is to be veritably an outsider. I wasn't so much struck though by the disappearance from the roads of Rolls-Royces, Peerlesses, Pierce Arrows and the other aristocrats of the automobile families as by the non-appearance of the flivver. The folks who could ride all week could stay home on a glorious Sunday without much inconvenience. They could reach their week-end resorts Friday or Saturday, stay quiet on Sunday and motor back home Monday morning; but the poor man who works all week and looks forward to the Sunday ride with his family in the cheaper car made a real sacrifice, and he made it without any complaint. There were few letters in the papers complaining of this feature of the day's requested renunciation. There was no whining even by the keepers of the inns scattered about the vast and picturesque playground of gay and selfish Gotham. The government wanted help in saving gasoline. Very well, everybody except some cheap skates, helped. They gave up something they valued much. They endured something not welcome, a day of ennui. They broke a happy habit. It is no joke at all to say that doing all this is doing something for the country. Not that so many million gallons of "gas" were saved, but that the people were glad to forebear a pleasure in order to help win the war. I suppose some ferocious pacifists and anti-militarists said in their hearts that the Sunday abstention was an abdication of the American spirit, or a manifestation of servility before Mars and Moloch, or almost any of the vilificatory things that the Union of Militarism—Roger N. Baldwin, erstwhile of St. Louis, field marshal—can say about Americans who won't be the Kaiser's doormat, but the pacifists and anti-militarists don't know. The trouble with them is that they can't give up anything of intellectualism—mostly pale gray and half baked—and prejudice and pride and superiority to the mob. The plain people, rich or poor, have a truer view of things, are better people because they can think with their hearts and feel with their brains. I spoke of my "littery" excursion among the kennels. I saw a lady and a gentleman dickering for a \$1,500 chow for the kids at home, but they had walked the post road for miles to see the animals displayed by the dealers. "Yes," said the man, "we could have gone on this quest a couple of days ago, but we didn't know the gasless day was coming and the birthday of the twins is to-morrow and I'll be out early to fetch the dog in." But what's that after all beside the fact that all the girls take their ice cream sodas and sundaes short of "sweetenin'" and with a narrow range of flavors and say, "It's to win the war." And the men—they drink beer that tastes like brass-flavored diluted molasses, or gin that not even water can stiffen, or whiskey that would scald the esophagus of a hobo, and pay atrocious prices for them, and make no moan. The American who used to be the hardest kicker in the world has quit for the period of the war, or conserves his kicking-power

for use against the Kaiser and Kultur. One kick I heard but stopped it. A man said that the application of the gasless day east of the Mississippi showed that the administration hated the east and favored the west because the west had elected Wilson. I told him that out in St. Louis we had gasolineless Sundays six or eight weeks ago when the oil stations and auto service and accessories dealers closed up from Saturday midnight to Monday morning. Old St. Louis isn't such a backward place, even if there isn't any place to go to where there is water—and soon there won't be any place where there is beer.

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A Philadelphia Incident

PHILADELPHIA is a queer place. Lincoln Steffens said, about fifteen years ago, that it was "corrupt and contented." It is yet. It uses gun men in political primaries. Fast New Yorkers go there to exercise their celerity. But an occurrence there last week is "the limit." There was a proposition to increase the city tax rate. The mayor and the Common and Select councils had the decision of the matter under consideration. The prominent and solid citizenry were against the taxation increase. "Four hundred representative business men" got together and passed resolutions of protest. Did they take those resolutions to the city hall and present them to the duly elected city officials? They did not. They went in a body to the office of State Senator Vare, the Republican boss of the city of scrapple, in his office. Asked why they didn't carry their protest to the city, the president of the real estate board replied: "We passed those resolutions at our meeting yesterday. We intended to send them to the mayor and to the chairman of the council's finance committee. Then someone suggested that we see Vare. He was called on the telephone. What we want is action. You can draw your own conclusions. I think that the senator was quite overcome by the show of force we made." We read, in the somewhat satirical and ironic *Evening Post*, that "Senator Vare was graciously pleased to assure his visitors that the tax rate would not be increased next year, and that it would be lowered if possible." Also "he explained that he spoke for 'the mayor, the chairman of the finance committee of councils, and as many councilmen as were in town,' all of whom he had seen and all of whom, by a pleasant coincidence, thought as he did." The *Philadelphia Public Ledger* asks in the same reprehensible spirit of ribald irreverence, "Why bother with a mayor and councils?" What's the use of the new political device of the city manager? Let the city boss decide all things for us. But would he do it as well if we elected him as he does when he elects himself? Why not let Charlie Murphy rule New York openly and in fact as well as secretly, or Vare run Philadelphia, or I was about to say somebody like them run St. Louis. But has St. Louis any boss? I ask the question with apologies to the Hon. John Schmall.

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Funny Golden Gate Politics

OUT in California too they have some funny politics. They had a primary lately to nominate candidates for governor in both parties. James Rolph was a candidate in both parties. He won the Democratic, lost the Republican nomination—just as Henry Ford did in Michigan. Rolph is the Democratic nominee, but there is a law in California that a candidate for two party nominations cannot be a candidate in the election if he loses the nomination of the party of which he is a registered member, and Mr. Rolph, an ex-mayor of San Francisco, is a registered Republican. Henry Ford, I believe, is not a registered member of any party in Michigan. He has no politics, no convictions as to governmental policies. That's a queer sort of man for United States senator. But all the same if it were possible to elect Ford in Republican Michigan the thing would be accomplished by a very little more of such opposition as is voiced by Senator Sherman of Illinois. Sherman has talked himself into such a position that his opposition is an argument for anything he op-

poses. He says Ford is a pacifist. Yes, but I seem to recall that Sherman himself wobbled about considerably before coming out wholeheartedly for the war. I don't like the Wilson tactics of proclaiming that "politics is adjourned" and then foisting Ford on his party because Ford is supposedly popular. The President should have left Michigan practically uncontested to the loyal Republicans. The President adjourns politics save where he can put over a Democrat of his personal persuasion. But I can forgive him for his Ford play because of what he did to Vardaman. I should like to hear the President at some banquet having fun with himself over his non-partisanship in all things save those in which he can gain partisan advantage for the Democrats. He's like the old fireman in the early days who said in a debate as to the color in which the apparatus was to be painted, "I don't give a damn what color she's painted, so's you paint her red."

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A Book Not to Read

DON'T let anybody give you George Moore's book, "A Story Teller's Holiday," to read. It is privately printed and sold at \$6.50. It is printed by a Gaelic society, the name of which I can't read—no Gaelic society ever fathered such stuff. I have liked George Moore's work in the past, "Esther Waters" "Evelyn Innes," "Memoirs of My Dead Life"—O that story of "The Lovers of Orelay!"—"Ave Atque Vale," "The Brook Kerith." Moore can or could write such choice English as only Irishmen can write. He has a rare sardonic gift. He is a sort of dry poet. As a realist he is all right except for his romanticism. As a mystic he would be fine if he were not an atheist. His mind would be beautiful if it were not so dirty. His spirit would be fine if it were not so mean and small. Swift was "the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place." Moore is a Swift keeping books in a lupanar. His soul dwells in a pornographic universe. He has a sexual nastiness that is all pervading—the sexual nastiness that suggests impotence. He writes of his friends all their littlenesses. As "John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie) said of him, "he tells and never kisses." This last book of his has no excuse except that he needs the money. It is made up of three stories chiefly, supposed to be narrated by an Irish *schanachie* or story teller. Two of them deal with the efforts, successful or otherwise, of Irish nuns to tempt priests on the theory of proving the virtue or sanctity of the latter. They are salacious but not hearty. In one of them a priest poses as the saviour on the cross and comes down and impregnates a devoted young religieuse. The idea is a variation on Barbey d'Aureville's "Story Without a Name." It is a satire on the virgin birth of Christ. But it is a foul thing, with a foulness worse than that of Rabelais. It is told in the Irish dialect made familiar by Synge and James Stephens but the telling lacks grace and humor and beauty. Another story is that of a male waiter's adventures in man's attire, but the adventures have no point to illustrate concerning this member of Edward Carpenter's "Intermediate Sex." It ends nowhere and amounts to nothing. It isn't even good Krafft-Ebing. It is the gabbling drivel of a sex-obsessed celibate. You feel at the end of the book that your mind needs a bath. The thing is to be published in this country by Doran. I can stand Rabelais, and the Marquis de Sade and the finikin placket-fumbling smuttiness of Laurence Stern—indeed, I rejoice in being somewhat of a Pantagruelian and Shandean. But this George Moore stuff—it's like the wicked story as told by women—if you've ever heard one. It is never funny, always simply filthy. Moore reminds me of the small boy who has just discovered the facts of sex life and animal functions and goes about chalking unclean words on walls and fences. If we must have dirt I'll take mine clean as in "Tom Jones" or in the novels of Tobias Smollett. The furthest I can go in fancy groceries of this kind is "Mademoiselle de Maupin" and the artistic best of de Maupassant.

Songs of the Unknown Lover

II.

(Copyright by William Marion Reedy)

THE WALL

HOW is it,
That you, whom I never know,
My strange beloved,
Are a wall between me and those I have known well,
So that my familiars vanish
Farther than the blue roofs of Nankow
And are lost among the desert hills?

❖

LIGHTNING

There is a blindness in seeing you,
Followed by your presence
When you are gone . . .
For you are much more beautiful
Than I can see till afterward,
Like heaven's veins of lightning.

❖

MAGIC

And when I speak to you of common things
You recall them for a moment
With candor and with level eyes,
Acknowledging their right to be. . .

And then always you dismiss them;
Replacing them with the long, true splendors
Of a steely fish cutting through rings of steel
And you run your fingers across a mountain-side
Strung like a lyre with thin waters,
And you sheath the blade of your body
In a scabbard of sea.

And the rock,
On which my hand is,
Becomes a firmament
And my head the moon
And my feet
The people of the earth
Who speak to us of common things.

❖

MIRTH

There was an hour
When we could love and laugh. . .

And after that hour we went like revellers in madness
And the touch of the pavement was a kiss
And the street-corners were embraces,
And the height of cities our height over people
And the height of stars our height over cities
And the height of heaven our height over stars,
And the height of God's throne would have been our
height over heaven,

But for our mirth,
Which shook vertically through heaven
And unashamed.

❖

MEANINGS

Words are hoops
Through which to leap upon meanings,
And meanings are horses' backs—
Bare, moving.

❖

THE BLUE-JAY

I who look up at you
Am the crest of a blue-jay,
And my only way
Of saying to you, my sky,
That I have wings of your color
Is a harsh
Clang!

❖

TOADS

I went as far from myself as ever I could,
To think of you. . .
I listened in the night
To the little fluting toads
Safe from their own images,
And I heard them sighing
With a silver sigh
For beauty.

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models at

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—for Autumn Wear

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\$24.75

Dress Shop—Third Floor.

Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney

Olive and Locust, from Ninth to Tenth

Four New Books

By Emily Grant Hutchings

The second work of fiction by the English zoologist and ethnologist, E. L. Grant Watson, "The Mainland," (Alfred A. Knopf) comes as a curious kind of sequel to "Where Bonds Are Loosed," the central character, *John Sherwin*, being the son of that *John Sherwin* who won the woman he loved by an entirely justifiable murder and pursued his life with her on a small island off the north-west coast of Australia. The boy is the product not only of this intense passion but of the solitude and isolation of his childhood. Up to his nineteenth year he has never seen any other woman than his mother, and no stranger with the exception of *Captain Pomfrey* and the men on the cutter *Shark*, whose visits at Kanna Island served to barter *Sherwin's* sheep, wool, fish and other produce for the simple necessities of life. The boy had no idea of the meaning of money, his father having excluded that root of all evil from the soil of his island. Stranger yet, he had no idea of women. His one companion was the native boy, *Coffee*, and in his mother, *Alice*, he found the deep sympathy and voiceless understanding whose attitude is solely

that of mother. It is little wonder then that when the boy does come into contact with both money and women he goes a bit wild.

It is *Alice* who sees that her son must visit the mainland, must learn of the evil as well as the good in the great world which she and her husband have been glad to renounce. She has put good stuff into his body and his mind. She knows that he will survive, will come clean at the last, and it is her gentle persistence that compels the father to let him go—with little more than the clothes he wears. The story leads the wanderer no farther than the gold fields of the west coast and the pearl fisheries among the adjacent islands. The one city he visits is Perth, of which few Americans ever heard. Yet the author gives the impression of wide and varied travel, of contact with the whole world. It is a curious world, so strange to us that the story seems forced and false until we pause to remember that we are looking at life through Australian eyes, not the cosmopolitan Australia of Melbourne and Sydney but the fabulously rich territory which nature has surrounded with so many drawbacks and dangers that only the hardiest and the most ambitious can survive.

In its external form the story is fic-



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tion, and singularly interesting fiction at that; but underneath the thin fabric of the story the reader is not slow to discern the solid body of ethnology, the author's life study. The student's viewpoint is introduced in the personality of *Arthur Cray*, on whose perfectly equipped cutter, *The Venture*, *John* finds employment—and enlightenment. *Cray* has been all over the world in his effort to escape the ennui of a rich man's life. His wife goes with him, because she has no choice in the matter. She is nine years *John's* senior, and she has lived in London and Paris. She teaches the boy to read. She gives him his first view of a world his parents studiously avoided mentioning. Then she teaches him to love, and incidentally learns that love means something more than the studied attentions of a man who is polished until all his surfaces are like marble. *John* began to understand something of the emptiness of this beautiful woman's life when he stood with *Arthur Cray* while the natives of one of the remote islands

did a spectacular phallic dance, a dance so savage in its religious symbolism that the untutored youth almost ceased to breathe—and *Arthur Cray* merely made notes in one of the notebooks wherein he recorded all his observations and impressions. In some vague way *John* realized that the woman he adored was married to an intellect, a creature with distilled water in his veins, and *John* decided to save her, to build a little home for her on one of the southern islands, to give her household cares and children to rear. And then, when the elopement was about to be consummated, the woman lost her nerve.

From the effect of the sickening shock *John Sherwin* took refuge in the wildest debauchery. His subsequent amours are told with a frankness that fairly takes one's breath. A bar maid, a young woman of excellent family who is bored with society and wants a little excitement on the quiet, so long as it does not minimize her ultimate chances in the matrimonial market, finally the wife of a

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stupid financier in Perth, all these are needed to overcome the hurt of that first disillusionment. From his own and other men's experiences he decides first that woman is the curse of the world and then that woman, rather more than man, is the victim of the real curse, which is sex. He takes refuge from women and sex in the wilds of the gold country, where a new passion devours him. He has lost some of his superabundant vitality in drunkenness and physical excess, and at the moment of his reaction he realizes that gold is good only to buy whiskey and women. He learns for himself what his father tried to teach him, there in the solitude of Kanna Island.

There is an epilogue to the story, exquisitely written, wherein *John Sherwin* finds the answer to his life riddle in the person of *Mary Dixon*, the innocent, blue-eyed sister of his comrade and partner in the gold fields. He has learned many types of women and he decides that the only one who can bring a man lasting happiness is the woman who is still a part of nature, who has never received the brand of the mainland. Yet *Mary* wants to go to the city. She wants to see for herself if Perth is really so bad. Herein is the suggestion that there will be a third volume in the life-story of the *Sherwins*, a story that gives the author ample excuse to relate the wonders and beauties of Australia, as he learned to know them in the course of his scientific expeditions under the auspices of Trinity college.

There are vivid pictures of the gold country, the sordid and filthy towns, the wide reaches of the sea, the islands that are still savage to the core. There are men and women of every kind and degree, from the exquisite finish of *Arthur Cray* to the bestial degradation of *Mabel*, the bar maid, but the only thoroughly detestable character in the story is the American, *Trigg*, whose attempt on the life of *Arthur Cray* served accidentally to frustrate *John's* elopement plans. The unfoldment of the boy's deep buried nature is interesting and powerfully presented, but the chief value of the book is its intimate presentation of the untamed wastes of Australia.

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In this age of hurry and excitement it is interesting to come upon a book that presupposes an abundance of leisure. That "My Unknown Chum," published anonymously by the Devin-Adair Co., New York, will find a place among the six best sellers is more than doubtful. The title, followed by the mystifying sub-title, "Aguecheek," is not likely to provoke wide interest. Yet the book is worth reading, for the reason that it is different, if for no other. It is neither fiction nor philosophy nor free verse. It has nothing to do with the war, and—it was written sixty years ago! That ought to give it something of a vogue.

The book has a foreword by Henry Garrity who tells all he knows of its authorship and history, which is little enough. In 1878, he says, he met a man of unusual poise and discrimination whose most intimate companion was an old volume of travel, a book then long since out of print, that was thought to have been written by Charles B. Fairbanks, who died in 1859. The authorship is not positively known. After Mr.

Garrity had read and delighted in the unusual narrative, he met other men of culture who included it among their literary treasures. Among these were Everett Jansen Wendell, John E. Grote Higgins, president of St. George Society, and His Eminence Cardinal Farley. It seemed to Mr. Garrity that so charming a work ought not to be covered by the dust of oblivion, hence its second publication.

The narrative begins with the sea voyage from Boston to London. After an analysis of that mysterious old city of vice and charm, which the traveler is revisiting after a good many years in America, he passes on to Antwerp and Brussels, thence to the cities of the south. In his chapter on London the writer makes a comment that sounds singularly modern. It might have been written within the past four years:

"London is ever the same. The white-gloved, respectable-looking policemen walk about as deliberately, and the tail of the lion over the gate of Northumberland house sticks out as straight as ever. The only great change visible here is in the newspapers. The tone of society is so different from what it was formerly, in all that concerns France, that the editors must experience considerable trouble in accustoming themselves to the new state of things. Once France and Louis Napoleon furnished *Punch* with his chief instruments for satire and amusement, and if any of the larger and more dignified journals wished to let off a little ill-humor, or to say anything particularly bitter, they only had to dip their pens in Gaul; but times are changed, and now nothing can be said too strong in favor of 'our chivalric allies, the French.' The memory of St. Helena seems to have given place to what they call here the

entente cordiale, which those who are acquainted with the French language assure me means an agreement by which one party contracts to 'play second fiddle' to another, through fear that if he does not he will not be permitted to play at all."

Following a chapter entitled, "Paris, the Louvre and Art," which is devoted rather to a discussion of the kind of human conduct that is worthy to be rewarded by monuments than to the works of art themselves, there is an altogether remarkable chapter dealing with Napoleon the Third, who is characterized as the man whose talents have placed France at the head of all civilized nations. If the writer's estimate of "the nephew of his uncle" is correct, then the world has rendered a cruel wrong to an unimpeachable statesman and martyr. He says, "There probably never existed a man whose every act and every motive have been more studiously misrepresented and systematically lied about."

Under the head of "The Philosophy of Foreign Travel" we are told that "a good dinner costs about thirty cents in London, thirty-five in Paris, fifteen to twenty in Florence and Rome and in the cities of Germany even less." One can make the grand tour of Europe, spending four months in travel, seeing all that is worth while in Italy, France, Belgium and England, for less than five hundred dollars. This is as near to pure humor as the author ever approaches. He was probably stating a bald fact when he wrote the words, but the editor might have spared our feelings by means of an explanatory footnote.

The book will prove a cold water douche to our characteristic ebullient Americanism, for everything on this side

of the Atlantic loses by comparison with its counterpart in England or on the continent. But then we must keep in mind the publisher's statement that the book was really written sixty years ago.

❖

Count Paul Vassili, the author of "Confessions of the Czarina" (Harper & Brothers), assures us that he obtained all his material at first hand and from the most trustworthy sources, yet makes this admission in his introduction:

"I want to point out to the reader that though this book is called 'The Confessions of the Czarina,' yet it does not contain one single word which I would like him to believe to have been uttered personally by the former czarina."

Query.—When is a confession not a confession? The answer is to be found in Count Paul's attempt at a book.

The work is not likely to prove popular with American readers. We are too chivalrous a people to enjoy the spectacle of a clumsy and shameless assault on a helpless and desperately unhappy woman, even if that woman did have the misfortune to be born in Germany. As war propaganda it is a rank failure, more likely to win sympathy than condemnation for the woman whom the author charges with being solely responsible for the downfall of Russia and the elimination of Russian help from the allied cause. As a literary production it does small credit to the House of Harper, from which we are wont to expect at least good English.

Count Paul assures us over and over that he deals with nothing but facts. In no less than a dozen places does he say, in rebuttal of his own assurances, that he "has reason to believe" or "it seems highly probable" that certain things took place. In one chapter he deals with a

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A group of hand-made Blouses of chiffon

is exceptionally worthy of attention. They have silk fagoting or drawnwork set between seams and heavy embroidery. The woman who likes simplicity will find these excellent substitutes for the almost impossible to obtain French blouses.

(Third Floor.)

STIX, BAER & FULLER

highly sensational episode which reflects no credit on the consort of the czar, describes the lady's emotions and conduct with minute accuracy of detail, and then makes the fatal blunder of confessing that there were no witnesses to the scene. He tells us that Alexandra came as an inexperienced girl to the most corrupt and vicious court in all Europe, that she had to contend with the imbecility, the selfishness, the immorality and the indifference of her husband. More than this, she was confronted from the outset by the ambition, jealousy and dislike of her mother-in-law, who insisted on living with her a good portion of the time. To these two fatal conditions he adds a third, the rudeness, the open snubs and the covert intrigues of the gentlemen and ladies at court—and then he places the whole blame for present conditions in Russia on the former czarina's shoulders.

In one paragraph he describes her as homely, thick-witted and sullen. In another she is regally beautiful and astonishingly clever. He takes her to task for showing indignation and disapprobation at the immorality that was going on all around her, whereas her mother-in-law wisely ignored such things as were commonly practiced at court. No consort of a sovereign ought to be so tactless as to require morality on the part of the great nobles and the ladies in waiting. Alexandra ought to have compelled the love and loyalty of her husband, the devotion of her mother-in-law and the homage of the people. Had she done all these, Russia would not have lost the war with Japan and Nicholas II would still be wearing his crown.

There are chapters devoted to Count Orloff, Anna Wyrubewa and Rasputin. The details of the revolution which were

given in the American daily papers are repeated with a few flourishes of surmise. Many historic incidents are related, and frequently the text does not follow the statements made at the time of their occurrence. The book is so full of palpable inaccuracies and misstatements, contradictions and surmises that we would do well to cling to the newspaper accounts where these are at variance with the versions Count Paul offers us. Following directly after the most scathing denunciation of the czarina as woman, mother, wife and sovereign, we read this passage:

"The supreme misfortune of the last empress of Russia, a misfortune for which she was not responsible, was the fact of her having been married to a being who was too weak to lead her, too selfish to understand her, too cruelly inclined to sympathize with her; who at

the same time did not acquire sufficient authority over her to inspire her with respect for his individuality as a man or for his position as a sovereign. Had she been the wife of Alexander III, it is likely that she would have turned out entirely another woman from the one she ultimately became."

Yet he maintains that Alexandra Feodrovna caused the Russian revolution!

❖

It is rumored that when the war is over there will be two classes of American men, those who have worn the uniform of their country and those who have not. For the former there will be—but never mind about that. The soldier deserves all the good things he can get. The man who remains at home and does his share in the shadow of obscurity may be just as much a hero as the one who has waded knee-deep in trench mud. He has another and an equally trying kind of trench-mud to endure, which the soldier in active service is largely spared. He is not compelled to read the books about the war!

There is a second rumor, which has to do with the writers of the present generation. It is vaguely hinted that when the conflict is finally ended the army of scribes will be divided into a new alignment of sheep and goats, those who have written war books and those who have not. A war book—just any old thing with a war setting or a war flavor—will open the door to that heaven of popularity and favor that is absolutely necessary to the man who hopes to make a living with his pen. On some such ground as this, one might be able to account for Irving Bacheller's "Keeping Up with William" (Bobbs-Merrill) a story in which the *Honorable Socrates Potter* relates the experiences and impressions he obtained during his hypothetical visit to the trenches.

Those of us who delighted in the *Honorable Socrates* when he endeavored to "launch the tiara on the marcelle wave" cannot do other than weep when we find him descending to such stupid phrases as these:

"The modern girl wears herself out supering. Do you know what it means to super? It is to follow the exacting industry of being superior. *** Now the center and headquarters of all supering is Prussia—the home of the superman—and Bill Hohenzollern, the Godful, is the head and front of the whole push."

In this vein Irving Bacheller, who used to be able to write sparkling English, drivels on through one hundred and fifteen pages of loose print. The country lawyer-philosopher tells us that he has been to France, but there is no evidence in the book that he has gone farther than the headlines of the daily papers for his facts. The story may be good war propaganda—if there are any Americans left who need it—but as literature it is the lowest depth of piffledom. Imagine a fine young fellow from Kansas City giving a visitor to the trenches such a line of talk as this:

"Ye get things measured up right, over here. Ye learn how to use yer thinker. Nobody knows what peace and home and friends are worth 'til they're gone and ye don't know whether you're ever going to see 'em again or not. It ain't a bad thing to live the all he life a while and see the family in dreams.

They look so gol durnably different. I reckon it's helped me."

The "all-he life" is not so bad, if it had been printed that way, but for the rest of the episode, it is enough to make Kansas City stand up on its hind legs and howl. Those of us who know the flavor of Missouri speech would advise Mr. Bacheller to stick to the lingo he knows, that of Connecticut. The book, as a whole, is one of the most distressing of the "German atrocities." The proceeds of its sales are to be devoted to the relief of French and Belgian war orphans. Let us hope that it will do better by those poor unfortunates than it has done by Irving Bacheller's reputation.

Marts and Money

Latest doings on the Wall street exchange were not of absorbing interest. In brokers' parlance, the market was "conservatively bullish," with several "strong spots." The bear crowd did not operate aggressively. It felt intimidated by the consistent strength of Steel common, which, after selling ex the quarterly \$4.25, made a considerable recovery. The top notch was above 116; it indicated a new maximum since January 1. There was quite a bit doing for a few days in a few of the leading copper issues, especially in Anaconda, Inspiration and Utah. The resultant betterment in values did not prove of striking importance, though. It averaged about two points. General Motors common, one of the favorite chips of speculative thoroughbreds, occasioned much gossip and excitement by developing unusual alacrity of sinking, its quotation falling to about 130, or more than thirty points under the top mark of some weeks back. There were no satisfying explanations as to the cause of the break; neither did there seem a particularly urgent request for them. Sapient traders calmly assumed that the bull clique had resolved to stand from under, after liquidating holdings acquired at or about 107 last January. Under existing conditions, such manipulative trickery does not do much hurt to the general market. The average trader appears to enjoy it. Anything calculated to relieve dullness and ennui has his cordial approval. Parties who allow themselves to be fooled by raw performances of this sort have no right bucking the market and "hollering" about fraud. They should keep their money in the savings banks or put it in sure-thing endowment policies. Wall street never claimed to be a philanthropic organization. Some prominent railroad stocks made a notable display of strength in the past few days, notwithstanding reactionary tendencies in the price of Canadian Pacific, which felt the impact of continued heavy liquidation after a rise of approximately fifty points since last December. The movement in this group was somewhat irregular, however. It was deficient in spontaneity, owing, probably, to the reluctance of the public to place faith in the character of the parties engaged in the purchasing operations. Union Pacific common got close to 129, New York Central reached 75, St. Paul common 51½, and Northern Pacific 90½. The uplift was partly helped by the publication of some favorable monthly state-

ments and fresh hopeful talk regarding issuance of contracts with the government. Among railroad stocks of inferior standing, Southern Railway common drew attention by advancing to 26½, or nearly a point above the maximum established last May. There's a deal of favorable opinionation respecting the shares of companies operating in southern states. It is based upon the high value of cotton, better advices as to this season's crop, and industrial development and prosperity. It should be noted, though, that the value of Louisville & Nashville remains two points under the high record of last May. The stock is rated at 116, against 133½ in January, 1917. Bond

quotations continue to harden in nearly all leading instances. This, despite financial stringency and repeated warnings from supreme circles that no loans must be made to individuals inclined to buy securities with borrowed money. Presumably, the injunction is levelled against stocks, rather than bonds. The values of the latter have shown pronounced stability for some weeks, so much so, indeed, that it may now justly be claimed that purchases can readily be liquidated without occasioning material effect on quotations. Wall street feels elated over the German *dérouté* in Picardy and Flanders, as also over reports of multiplying signs of demoralization among Teutonic

armies. The belief is growing that we are witnessing the beginning of the end of German power, and that the Hindenburg line may be in the possession of Foch's forces before November 1. In this connection, thoughtful account is taken of the steady enhancement in the prices of war bonds sold by England and France in the United States, either jointly or severally. Anglo-French 5s, which were disposed of in this country at 98 in the autumn of 1915, and which were down to 81½ last year, are at present valued at 95½, implying a net yield of 7.60. French Republic convertible 5½s, maturing in April, 1919, are up to 101¼, indicating a net return of 5.45. They

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New Dance Records

- | | | |
|-------|---|--|
| 18483 | { | Bluin' the Blues—Jazz Band. |
| 85c | | Sensation Rag—Jazz Band. |
| 18477 | { | Oh! Lady, Lady—One Step—Waldorf-Astoria Dance Orchestra. |
| 85c | | Sinbad—Fox Trot—Waldorf-Astoria Dance Orchestra. |

New Vocal Numbers

- | | | |
|--------|---|--|
| 35677 | { | Gems from "The Rainbow Girl." |
| \$1.35 | | Gems from "Rock-a-bye Baby." |
| 18486 | { | When Alexander Takes His Rag Time Band to France—Marion Harris. |
| 85c | | I'm Gonna Pin My Medal on the Girl I Left Behind—Peerless Quartet. |

- | | | |
|-------|---|--|
| 18482 | { | The Story Book Ball—Billy Murray. |
| 85c | | There's a Lump of Sugar Down in Dixie—Marion Harris. |
| 18484 | { | A Rainbow from the U. S. A.—Peerless Quartet. |
| 85c | | When We Meet in the Sweet Bye and Bye—Sterling Trio. |
| 18489 | { | Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning—Arthur Fields. |
| 85c | | Oh! Frenchy—Arthur Fields. |
| 18487 | { | Garden of My Dreams—Chas. Hart. |
| 85c | | Any Old Time at All—Helen Clark and Shannon Four. |

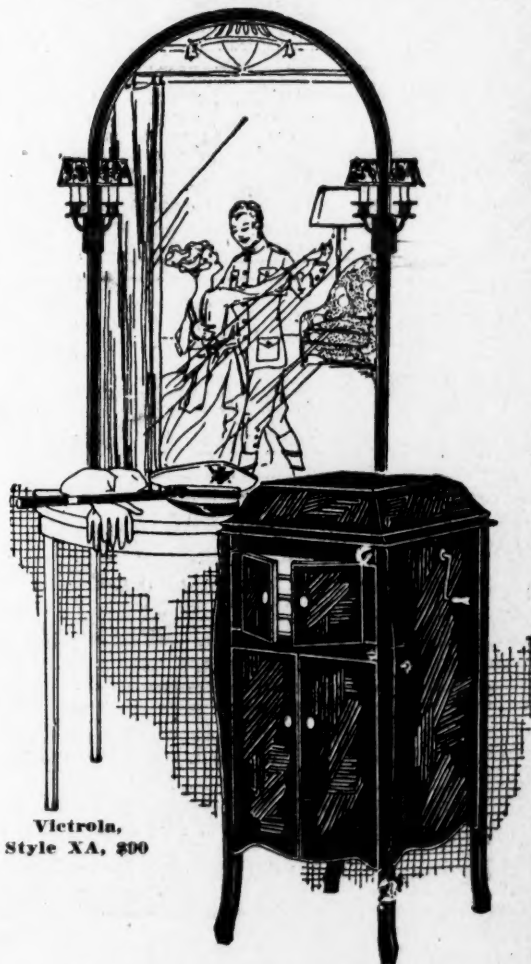
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could be bought at 91½ not long since. Additional noteworthy improvement can be noted also in French municipal bonds, which were obtainable at about 73 in the latter part of 1917. Their prices are gradually approaching par. The increased inquiry for French issues is visibly promoted by the remarkable rise in Paris exchange rates. The latest quotation is 5.48. The minimum of some months ago was around 7 francs. Owning, in part, to careful regulation on the part of the Washington and Rome authorities, Italian exchange, which at one time was above 9 lire, has recovered to 6.35. This compares with a normal rate of 5.19½, which is normal likewise for French francs. Demand sterling denotes no important change. It is quoted at \$4.75½, as compared with a pre-war rate of \$4.8665. There have been only trifling variations in the British rate since the violent rise that followed the

break to \$4.50 in the first three months of the war. Wall street exhibited no surprise when informed, the other day, that the Lehigh Railroad company's issue of \$15,000,000 ten-year 6 per cent bonds were quickly marketed at the fixed price of 97½ and interest, or on a basis of 6.25 per cent. The incident was construed as a broad intimation that the nation's investors still were supplied with ample funds for purchasing the securities of private or quasi-public corporations enjoying high credit. The stiffening of values all around forms an auspicious prelude to the forthcoming \$6,000,000,000 liberty loan. In all probability, the next few months will bring considerable enhancement in the prices of state, municipal, county, and school district bonds, which also are exempt from taxation. In the past four or five years the market for securities of this description has been rather poor. It was at its best in the

1890-1905 period. Recurring to railroad stocks, I wish to point out that their quotations still are unduly low in numerous cases, and that a more substantial rise is bound to be seen in the next few months. The total of marginal possessions must be exceptionally small at present. That much is sufficiently indicated by the futility of bear attacks. Stocks of this class are now owned by parties whose minds cannot be gravely perturbed by the hysterics and vagaries of Wall street and who have a mountain-moving faith in the invincibility of the allied cause. As concerns federal control—why worry? Interest and dividends are guaranteed; the contracts will be satisfactory to both sides, beyond question. There will be no deterioration in physical conditions, the government having placed numerous big contracts for rails and rolling stock. Once more: why worry? The Washington authorities cannot afford to do injury to investments aggregating almost \$20,000,000,000 and representing the greatest railroad systems in the world.

✱

Finance in St. Louis

It's a quiet state of affairs on Fourth street. Demand for securities does not yet show the improvement that one should expect in view of the distinct turn for the better in the eastern markets. Quotations are pretty well maintained, however, in practically all representative instances. United Railways 4s are selling at 50, and the preferred shares at 11.75. The latter figure means a new absolute minimum. Twenty-five International Shoe common sold at 99.25 the other day. The stock displays decided firmness, and is likely to advance further in the near future. Five Hamilton-Brown Shoe brought 130, seventy National Candy common 39.75 to 40.62, and five Certain-teed common 30. The last-mentioned price indicates considerable depreciation. It compares with a high notch of 50 last January. The price of the first preferred is also materially lower. Five shares of the second preferred were taken at 76. Last February sales were made at 89. Six State National brought 190, a figure implying no particular change. Ten Boatmen's Bank went at 102.75, and five Bank of Commerce at 118. The closing of the Union Station Bank caused no excitement in the financial district. It seemed to have been anticipated for some weeks. Rates for loans are firmly held at 6 per cent in most cases. The charging of 6½ per cent is not an infrequent occurrence. Advent of fall invariably means a stiffening in interest charges.

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Latest Quotations

	Bid	Asked
Boatmen's Bank	102	103
Nat. Bank of Commerce	118	
United Railways pfd.	13½	15½
do 4s	49¾	50¼
K. C. Home Telephone 5s	84	
Mo. Portland Cement		71
Ely & Walker com.	102½	
do 1st pfd.		102
do 2d pfd.	81	82
International Shoe com.	99½	100½
Brown Shoe com.	65½	
do pfd.		96
Hamilton-Brown	129	131
Independent Brew., 1st pfd	9	12
do 6s	37	
National Candy com.	41½	42

✱

Answers to Inquiries

W. B. R., Creston, Ia.—American Tobacco preferred is an investment, not a speculation. Since January 1, 1914, the

highest has been 113, the lowest 89. At 95 the net yield is a little over 6½ per cent. This does not indicate overvaluation. There's no danger of a serious decline, the stock being well distributed, and coming ahead of common on which 20 per cent has been paid annually since 1914.

M. D., St. Louis.—The ruling price of Mercantile Marine common does not look inordinately high, considering the company's earnings, talk of sales of shops to the British government, and former high records. It is not improbable that by and by they will start another lively bull speculation in this stock, which has been more or less neglected for many months. In March, 1917, they paid 36⅞ for it. About the time of readjustment of affairs, in 1916, the price was raised to 50½. For people who can afford to take chances and leave funds unproductive for an indefinite time M. M. common would seem a good proposition.

QUESTION, Clarksville, Mo. — (1) Would recommend holding Westinghouse Electric common. The present price of 43½ is very reasonable, in fact, too cheap. (2) Pacific Mail should do still better before long. It is cleverly handled, and company's prospects are very bright. In case of a drop to 30, add to your possessions.

F. L. B., Kansas City, Mo.—Chandler Motors, Pierce Arrow, and National Enameling common are desirable speculations, in view of dividends paid and relative cheapness of quoted prices. The government's discrimination against non-essential motor industries has undoubtedly been largely discounted in market values. United States Steamship, selling at 6½, is a gamble, that may develop into a good thing in the course of time. Its real merits cannot be discovered at present. A purchaser at 6½ cannot lose more than \$6.50 a share. His profits may amount to \$50 or more. Some temptation, no doubt.

OBSERVANT, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Erie general lien 4s have probably seen their lowest for the time of war, having been down to 47½ last December. The current price of 53¼ justifies buying for semi-speculative account. It implies a good yield. In the early part of 1917 the bonds were selling at 73¼. While Erie's finances are not in tip-top shape, and never really have been, there's no tangible cause for pessimism. In all probability the company will pull through all right, and should eventually become a profitable investment even to stockholders.

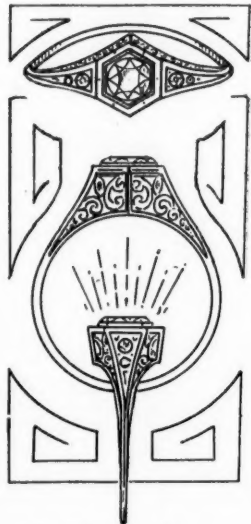
READER, Louisville, Ky.—There's a lot of nice talk about Pierce Oil, lately listed in New York. May mean much and may mean nothing. Some parties are evidently trying to get rid of considerable stock. The quotation is modest, though, at 16½. It invites buying rather than selling, and it may well be that the public may eventually get the best even of insiders. Such things do happen once in a while. If your means permit, go ahead and try your luck.

✱✱✱

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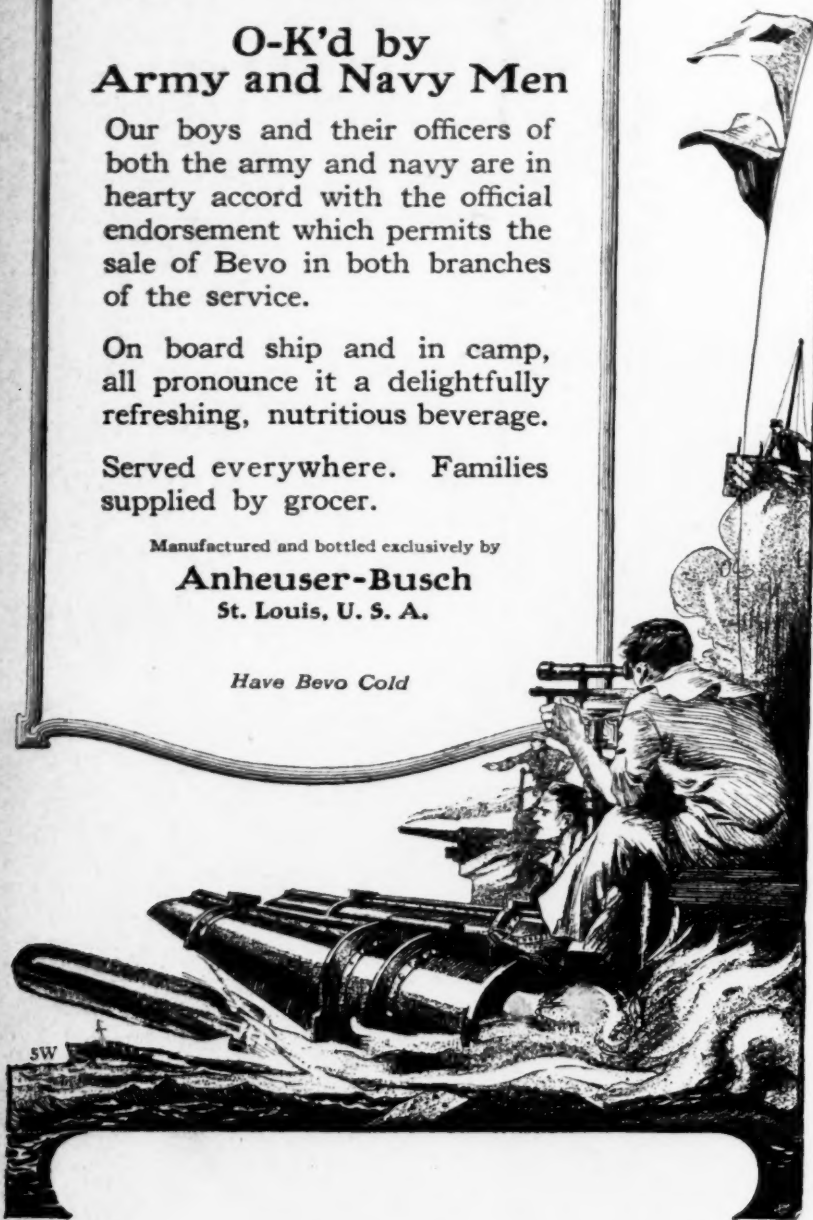
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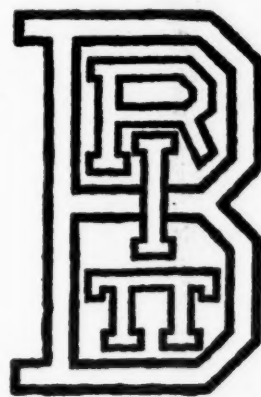
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Those are the things which you can count among the advantages of living at the Statler next winter. And don't forget to add economy, too.

Comfort—Because you'll have no "fuel problem" or "servant problem" or "entertaining problem." The Statler takes all that responsibility off your shoulders.

Leisure—Because with household duties out of the way, and distances minimized by your convenient downtown location, you'll have time to give freely to your war-work activities without giving up your reading, music and other recreations that make for growth.

Cheerfulness—Because the relief from responsibilities which are always burdensome—and promise to be more so this winter than last—will give you a better start into every day.

Economy—Because the cost of residence at the Statler is sure to compare favorably with that of maintaining a house—taking into consideration all the advantages of each which can properly be considered in such a comparison, but are not to be appraised in dollars.

Rooms and suites are available on several floors—all of them attractive, comfortable and furnished especially for resident (as distinguished from "transient") guests. The manager will be glad to give personal attention to your request for information. Telephone.

HOTEL STATLER

Also operating Hotels Statler at Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit. Hotel Pennsylvania (now building at New York) will be Statler-operated.

